



10

FRONTLINE™

A MARVEL COMICS® EVENT

CIVIL WAR™

JENKINS

LIEBER

BACHS

WATSON

CIVIL WAR FRONT LINE #010

70 YEARS OF MARVEL COMICS

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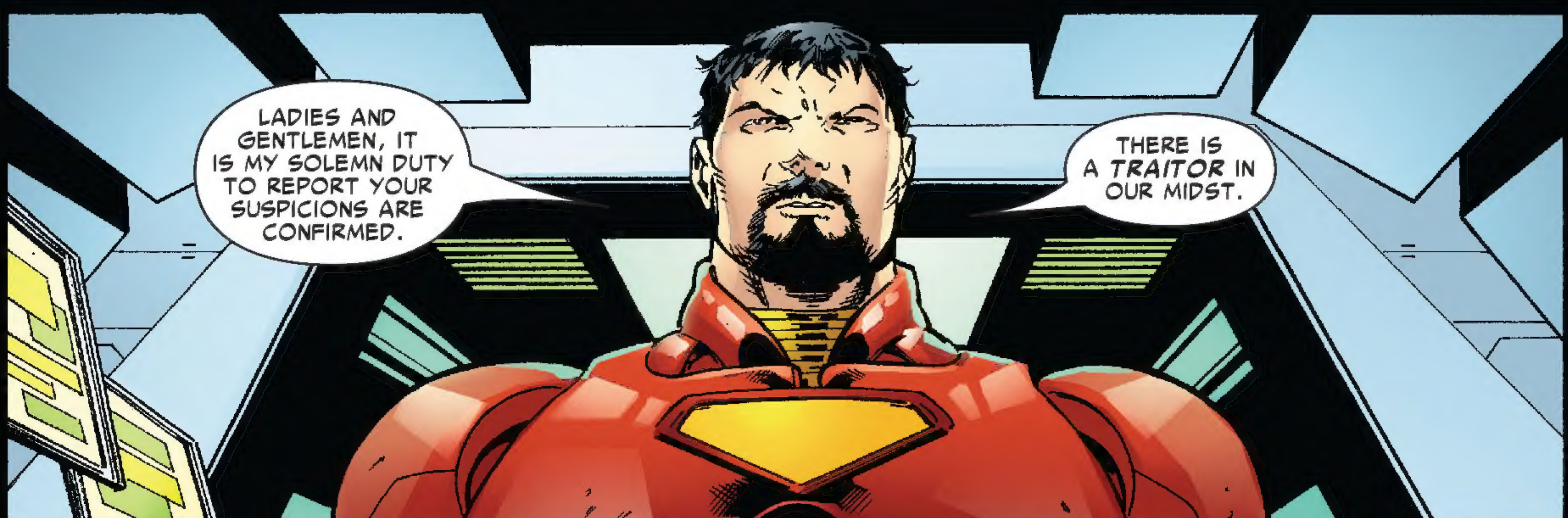
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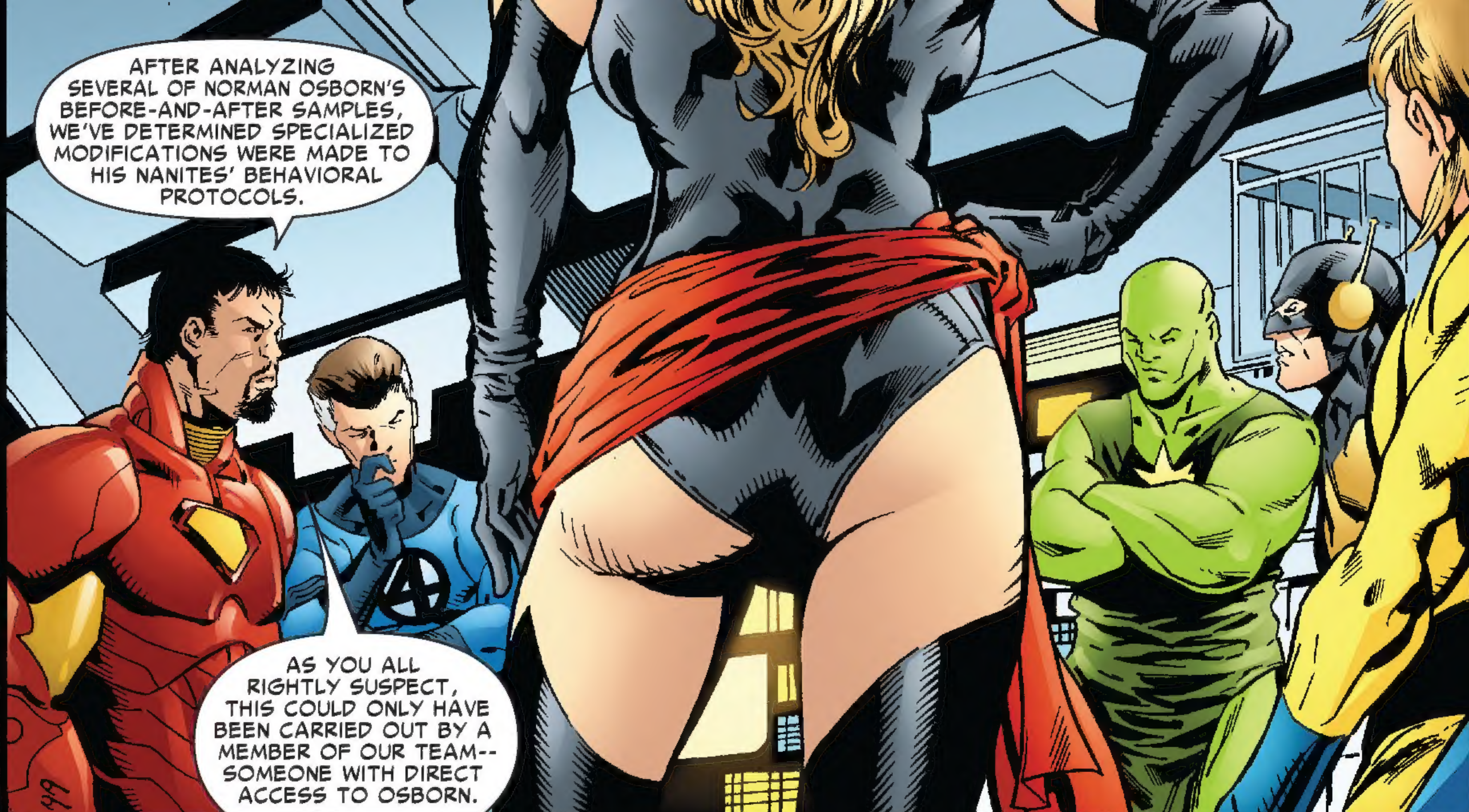
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70 YEARS
MARVEL
COMICS



EMBEDDED PART TEN





AFTER ANALYZING SEVERAL OF NORMAN OSBORN'S BEFORE-AND-AFTER SAMPLES, WE'VE DETERMINED SPECIALIZED MODIFICATIONS WERE MADE TO HIS NANITES' BEHAVIORAL PROTOCOLS.

AS YOU ALL RIGHTLY SUSPECT, THIS COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN CARRIED OUT BY A MEMBER OF OUR TEAM-- SOMEONE WITH DIRECT ACCESS TO OSBORN.



TONY...THAT'S NO SURPRISE TO ANYONE HERE. WHAT WE ALL WANT TO KNOW IS, "WHO AND WHY?"

THE CULPRIT HAS BEEN IDENTIFIED, AND STEPS HAVE BEEN TAKEN TO ADDRESS THE SITUATION. I CAN'T SAY MORE THAN THAT FOR REASONS OF NATIONAL SECURITY.



YOU HAVE GOT TO BE KIDDING. DON'T YOU DARE PULL THAT "NATIONAL SECURITY" BULL ON THE VERY PEOPLE WHO'VE STOOD BY YOU THROUGH THIS ENTIRE ORDEAL! WE HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW!

HANK...PLEASE TRUST US--IF WE TELL YOU, IT'S GOING TO CAUSE A BIGGER PROBLEM THAN BEFORE.



FORGET IT, RICHARDS! IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED, THERE'S A BIG, DARK CLOUD OF SUSPICION FLOATING OVER EVERYONE IN THIS ROOM!

THERE'S ONE WAY YOU CAN GUARANTEE MY TRUST: TELL US WHO THE TRAITOR IS. IS IT ONE OF US?



AND?

THEY DIDN'T SAY.



IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE, CAROL. WHY CONFIRM THE EXISTENCE OF A TRAITOR WITHIN THE ORGANIZATION, AND THEN STAY TIGHT-LIPPED ABOUT THAT PERSON'S IDENTITY? COULD IT BE THE SENTRY, MAYBE?

I MEAN, DID THEY EVEN SUGGEST A REASON FOR WHY ANYONE WOULD BE CRAZY ENOUGH TO CONSPIRE WITH OSBORN?



NOT EVEN CLOSE. BUT WHOEVER IT WAS, THEY HAVE A LOT TO ANSWER FOR AFTER WHAT OSBORN DID TO THE ATLANTEANS. WE'RE GOING TO HAVE SOME MAJOR PROBLEMS THERE.

LOOK...I HAVE TO GO, OKAY? I'LL TELL MY UNCLE BENNY YOU SAID "HI."

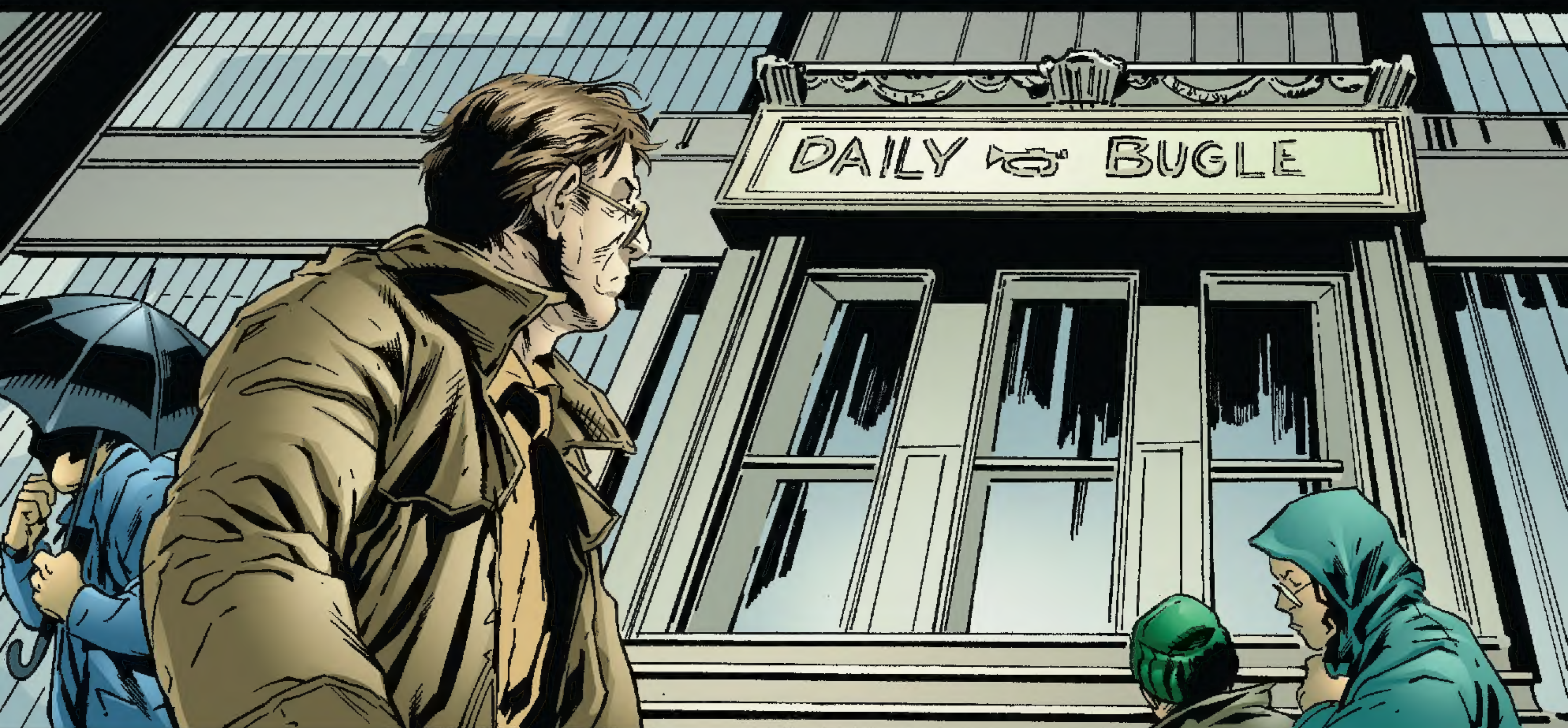


WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU UP TO, MISTER TONY STARK?

OMIGOD.



OMIGOD... SURELY IT CAN'T BE THAT SIMPLE...





BEN...YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE RIGHT NOW! THEY'RE DOING AN EDITORIAL PLANNING MEETING--

WON'T TAKE A MINUTE, GLORY. THANKS.



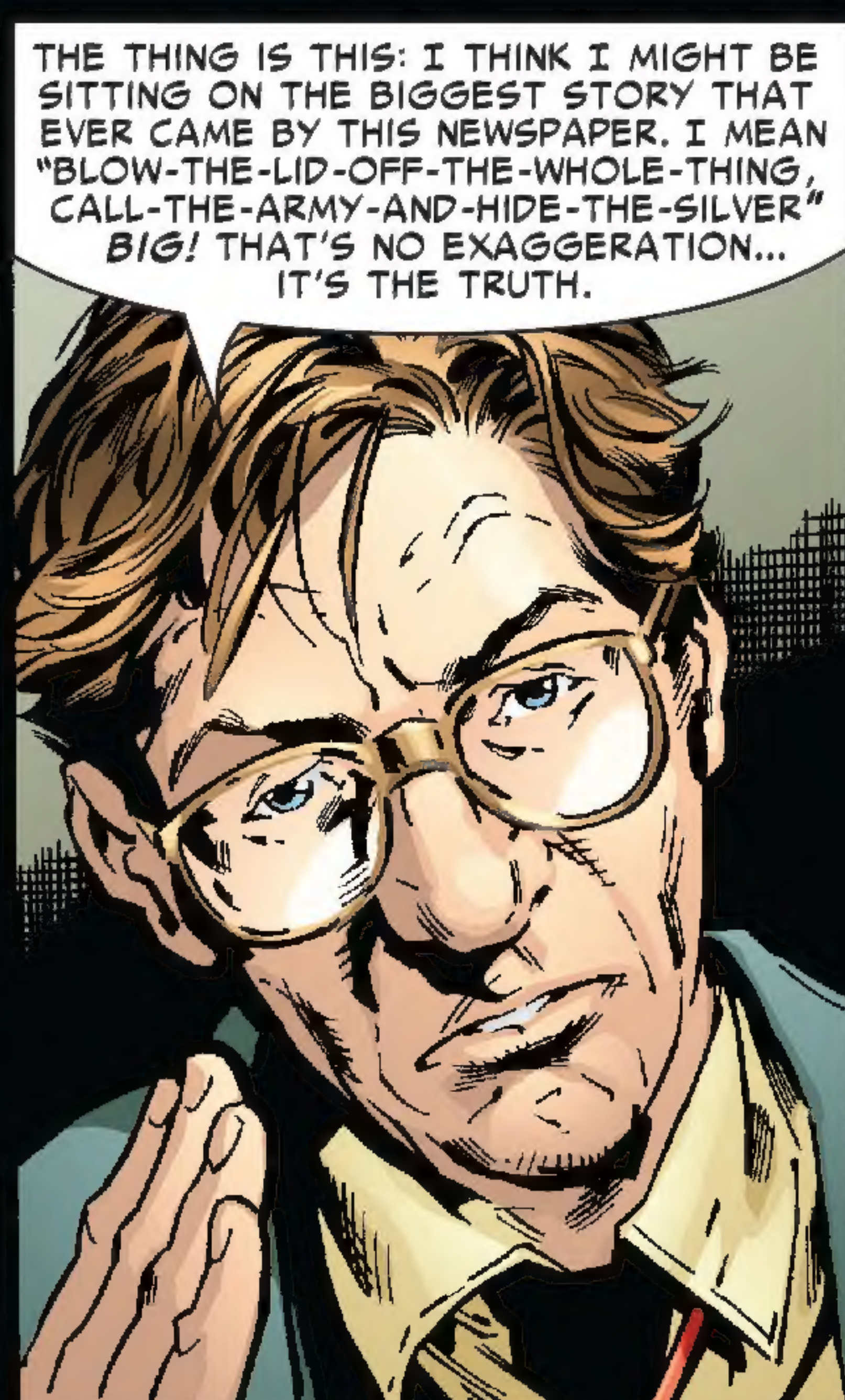
...SO IF WE'RE GOING ON THE SCIENTOLOGY ANGLE, WE PLAY UP THE THING WITH THE BABY--

BEN?



WHAT, DID I DOZE OFF OR SOMETHING? IS THE EDITORIAL MEETING OVER?

WON'T TAKE A MOMENT OF YOUR TIME, JONAH. SORRY FOR INTERRUPTING, EVERYONE.



THE THING IS THIS: I THINK I MIGHT BE SITTING ON THE BIGGEST STORY THAT EVER CAME BY THIS NEWSPAPER. I MEAN "BLOW-THE-LID-OFF-THE-WHOLE-THING, CALL-THE-ARMY-AND-HIDE-THE-SILVER" BIG! THAT'S NO EXAGGERATION... IT'S THE TRUTH.



WHAT STORY?

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT THE STORY IS, JONAH. WITH ALL DUE RESPECT TO YOU, IT'S A STORY THE BUGLE WOULD NEVER PUBLISH.

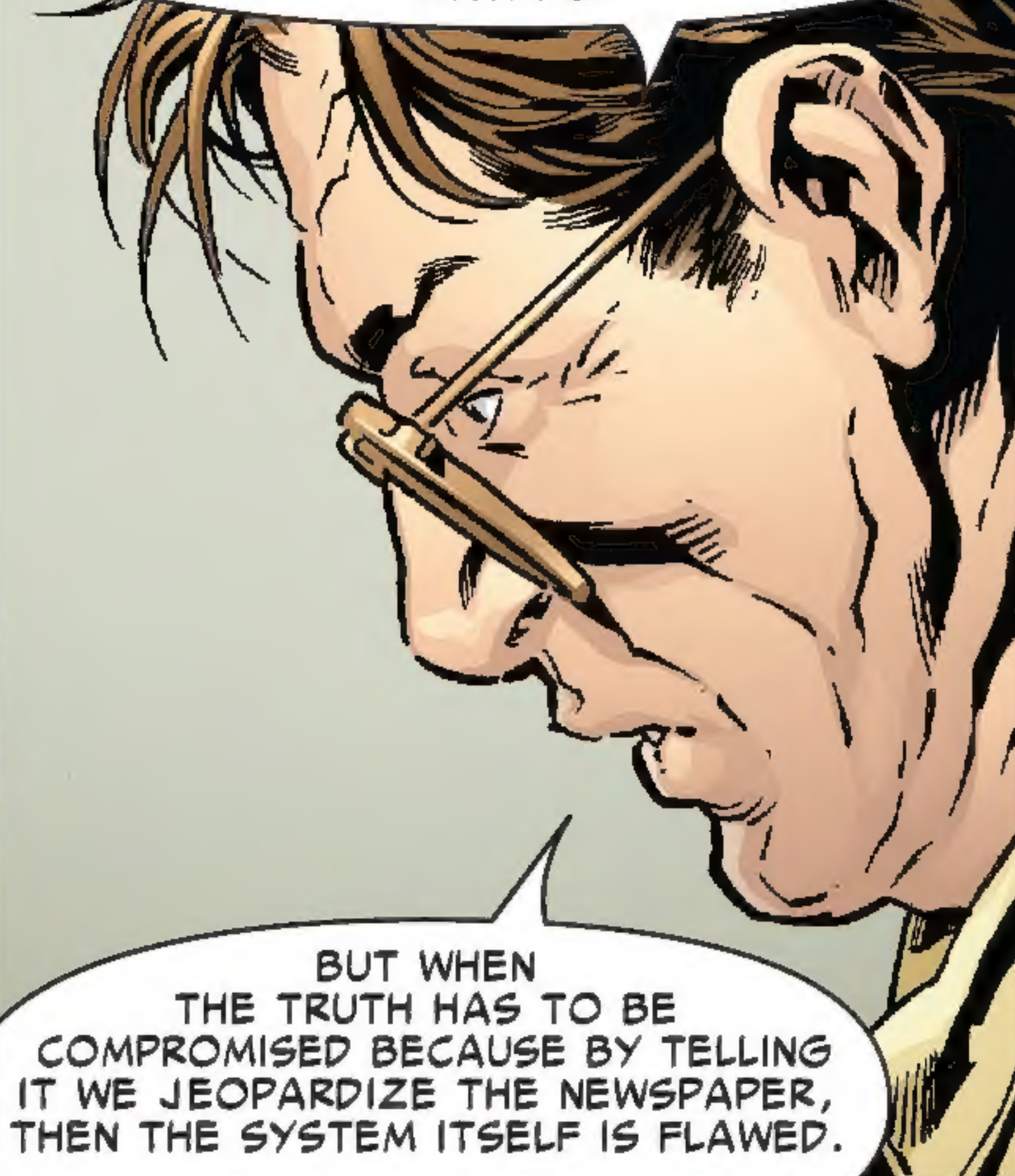
AND BECAUSE OF THIS, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO **RESIGN** MY POSITION AT THIS NEWSPAPER, EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY.



WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I WOULDN'T PUBLISH THIS "STORY" OF YOURS?

TWENTY YEARS OF EXPERIENCE, BOSS. IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT-- THE BUGLE JUST ISN'T SET UP FOR SOMETHING LIKE THIS. WE'VE ALWAYS TOLD A DIFFERENT KIND OF STORY.

I WANT YOU TO KNOW, I HOLD YOU AND YOUR SENIOR EDITORIAL STAFF IN THE HIGHEST REGARD. YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN FAIR WITH ME.



BUT WHEN THE TRUTH HAS TO BE COMPROMISED BECAUSE BY TELLING IT WE JEOPARDIZE THE NEWSPAPER, THEN THE SYSTEM ITSELF IS FLAWED.



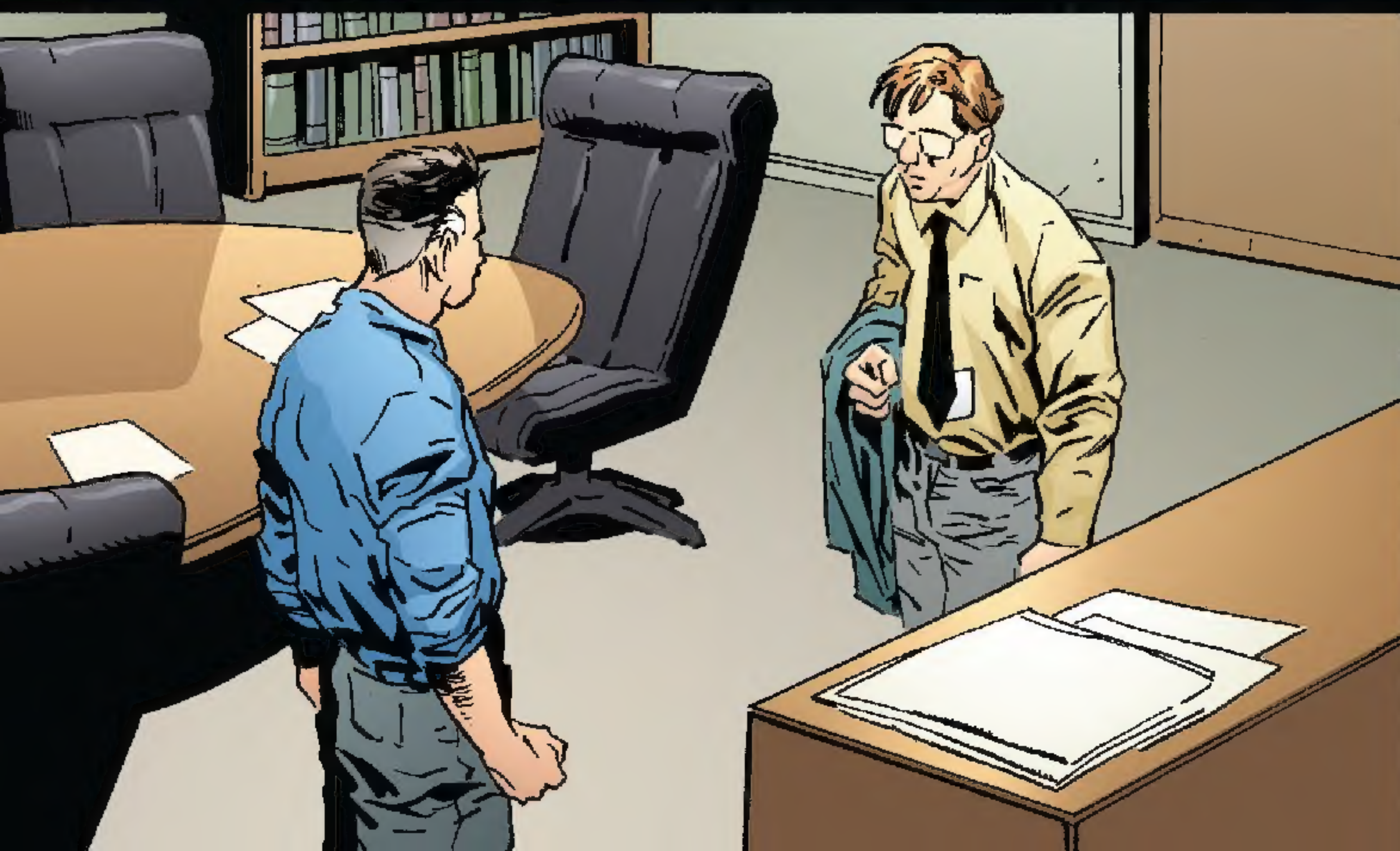
BEN--TRY TO THINK CLEARLY HERE. YOU'VE ALWAYS HAD OUR FULL SUPPORT EDITORIALY--

ROBBIE... JUST SHUT YOUR PIE-HOLE FOR A MOMENT, OKAY?



I WANT EVERYONE OUT OF HERE RIGHT NOW.

EXCEPT YOU, URICH. YOU STAY.

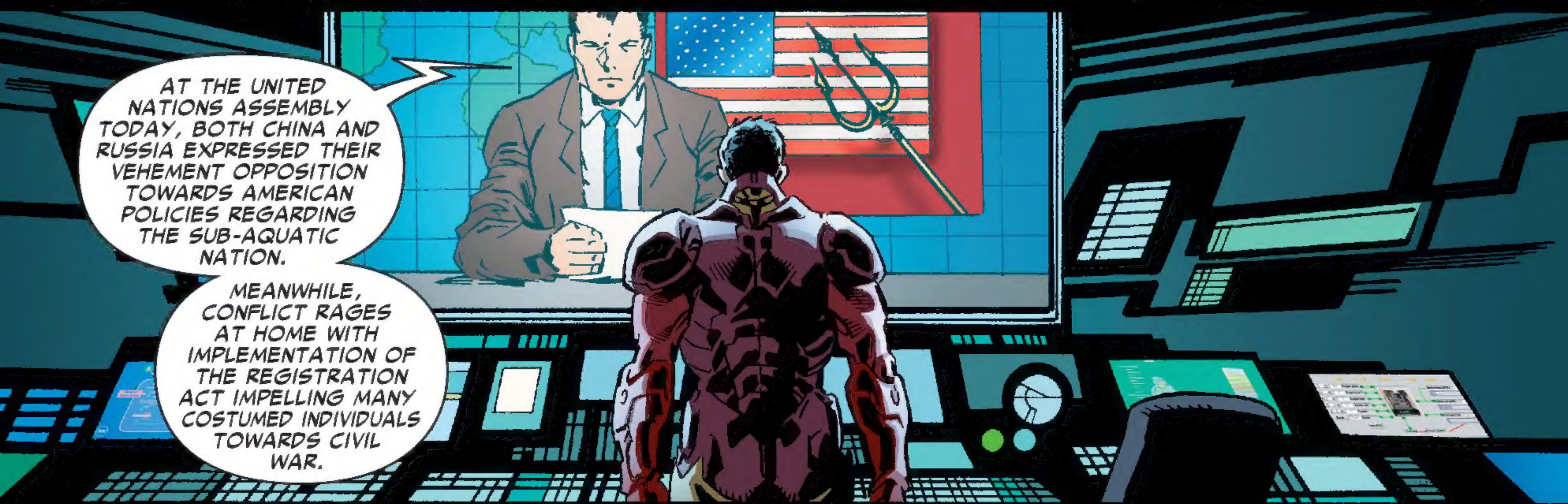


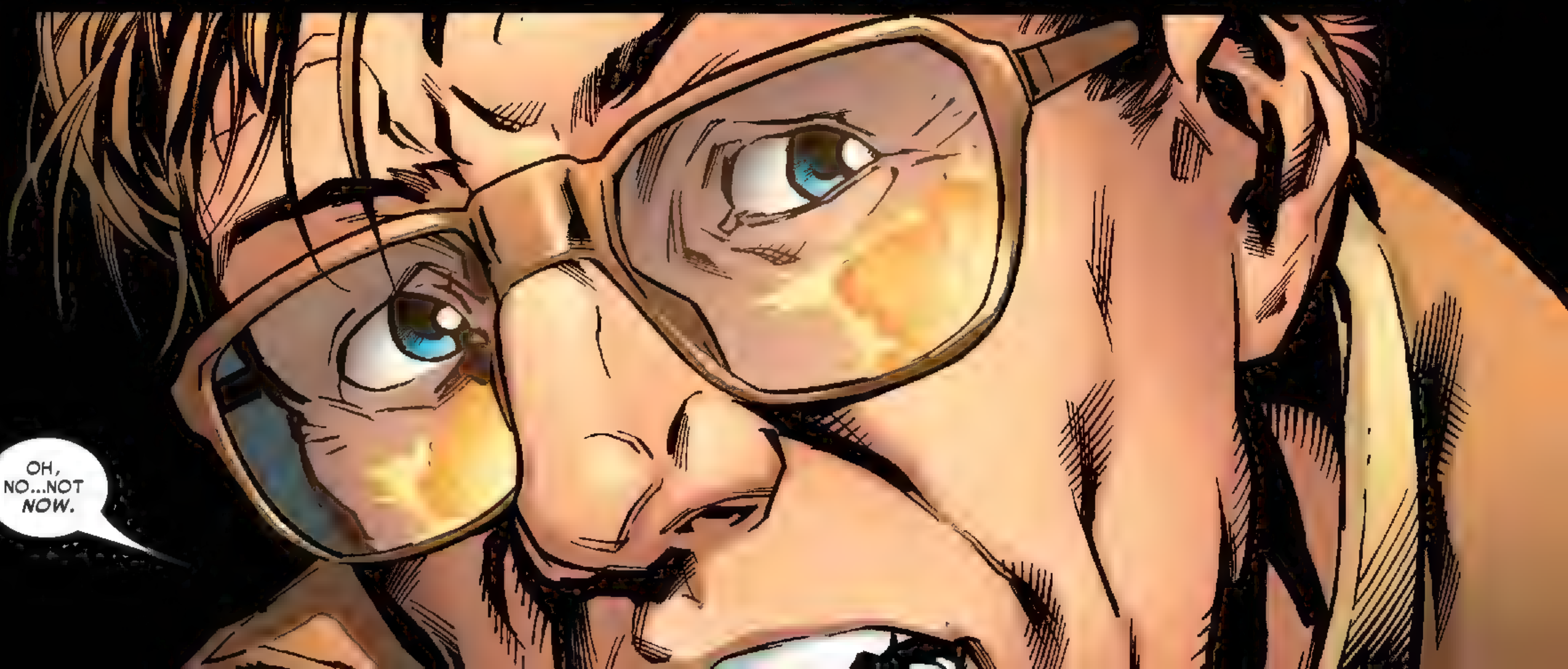
I UNDERSTAND YOUR POSITION, BEN.

I JUST WANT TO SAY I WISH YOU THE BEST OF LUCK.

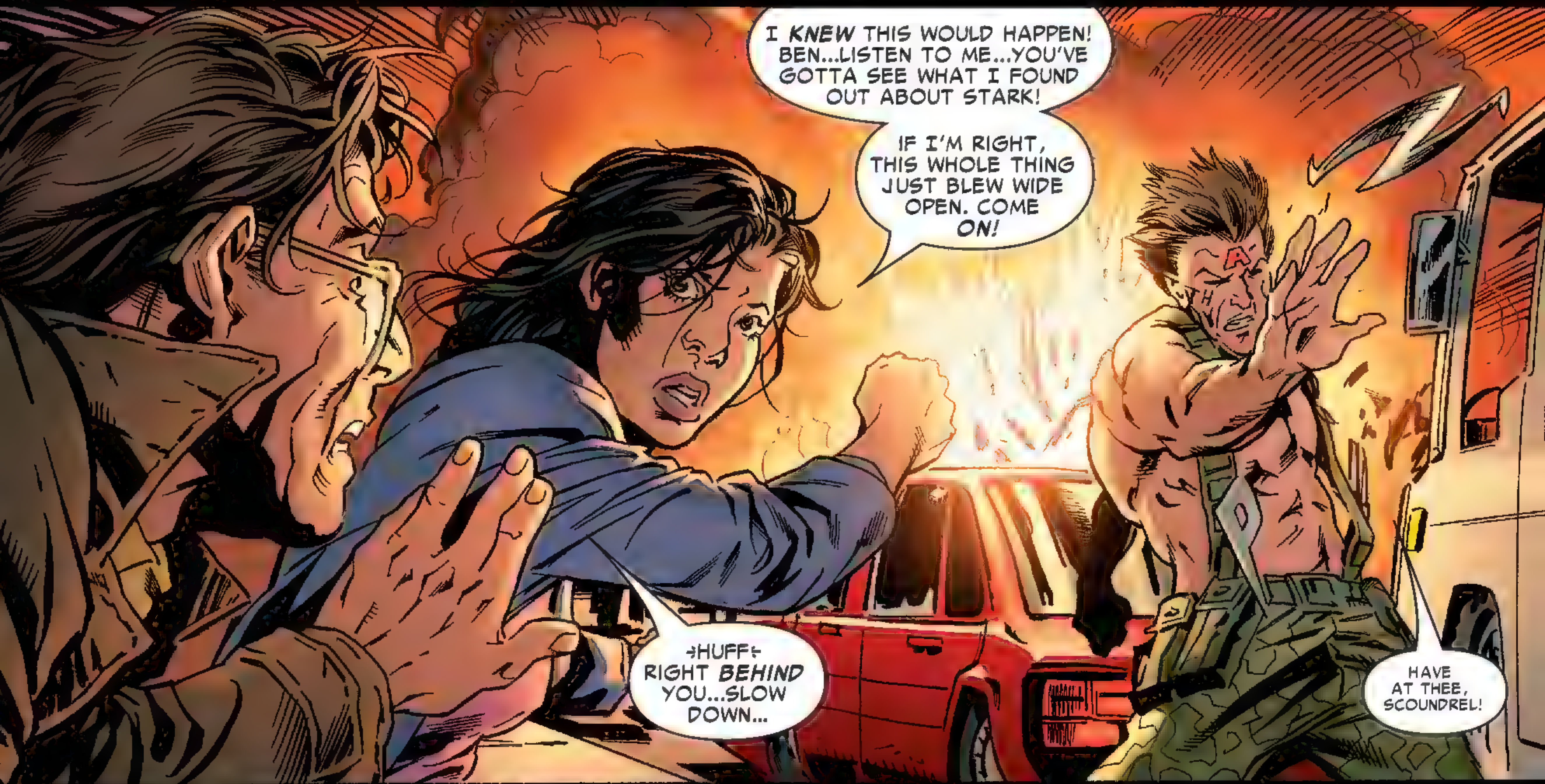












I KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN! BEN...LISTEN TO ME...YOU'VE GOTTA SEE WHAT I FOUND OUT ABOUT STARK!

IF I'M RIGHT, THIS WHOLE THING JUST BLEW WIDE OPEN. COME ON!

HUFF! RIGHT BEHIND YOU...SLOW DOWN...

HAVE AT THEE, SCOUNDREL!



BEN! BEN!



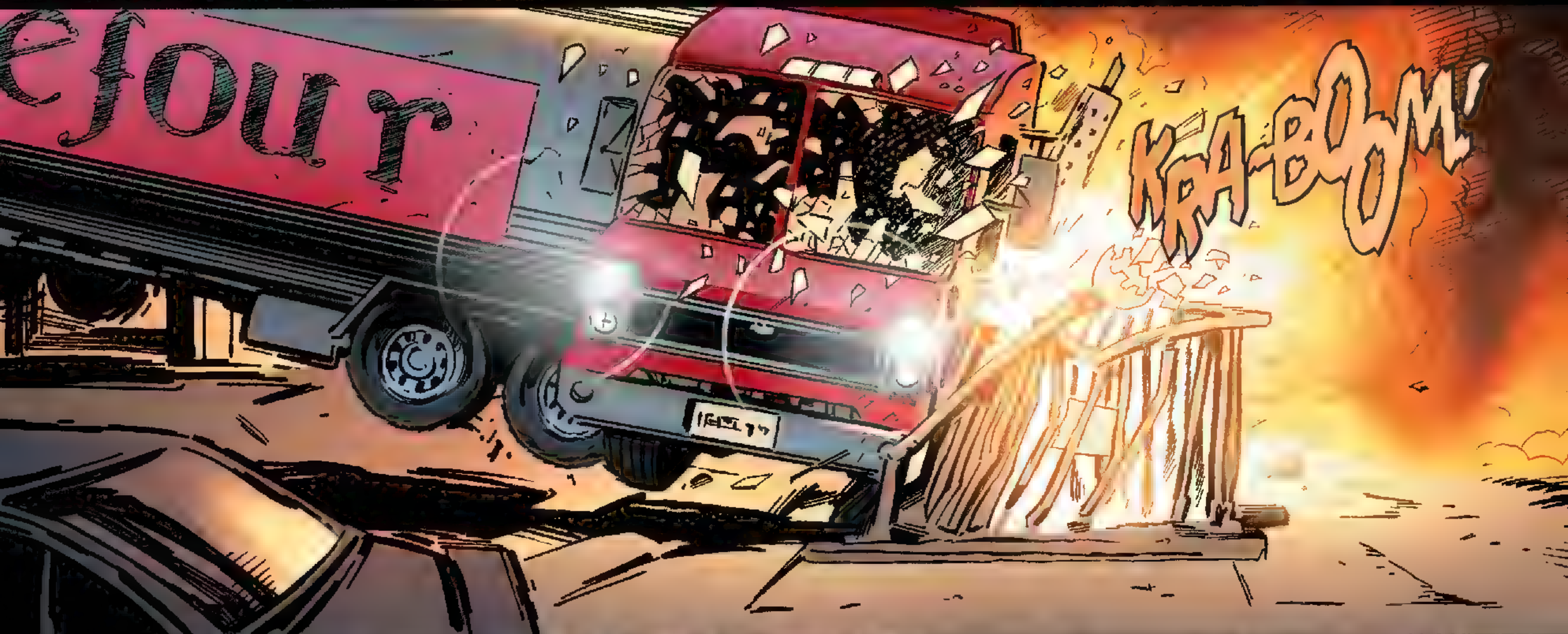
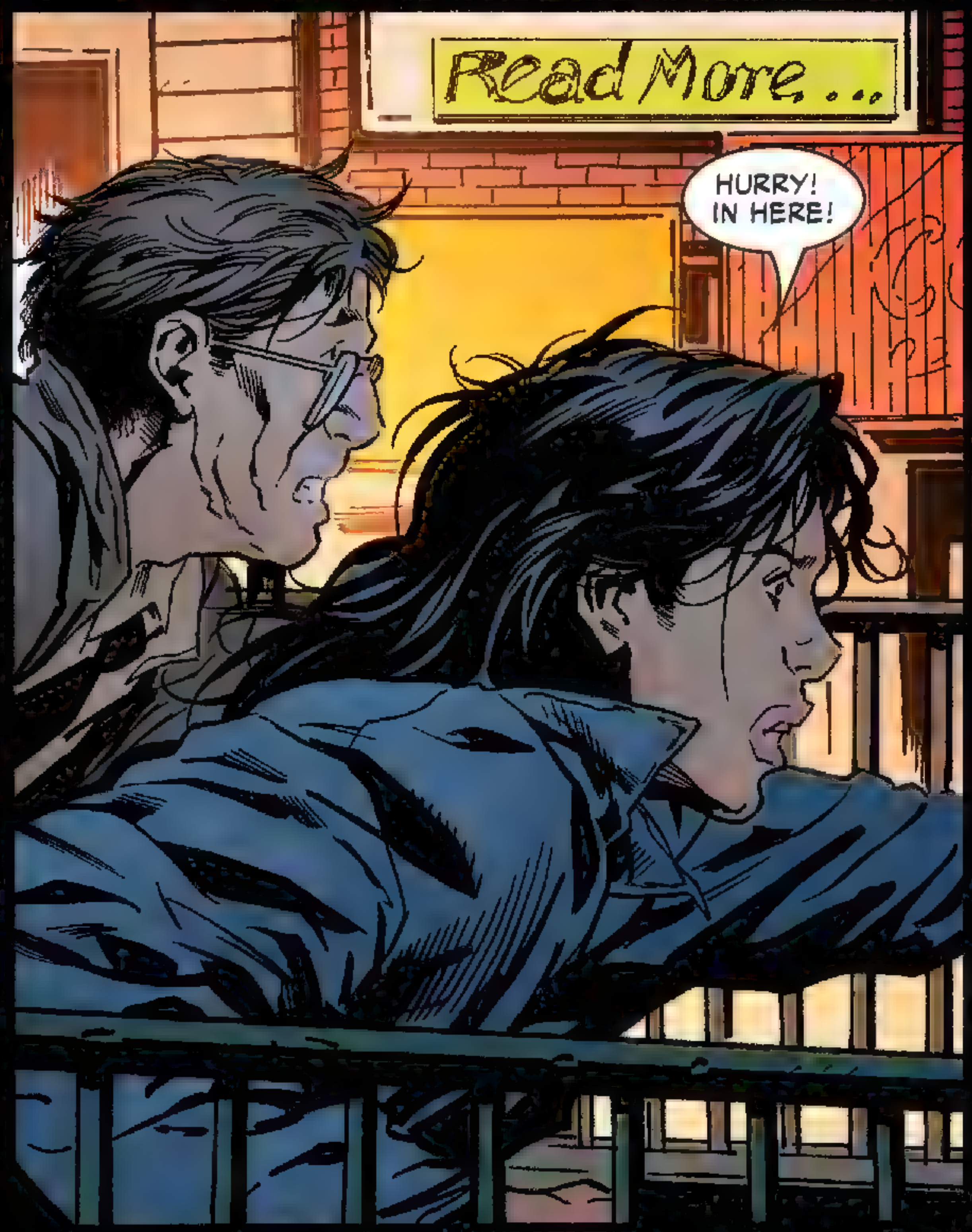
BEN... ARE YOU OKAY?

IT'S TYPEFACE... I THINK HE'S DEAD...



DIDN'T YOU GET THE MEMO?

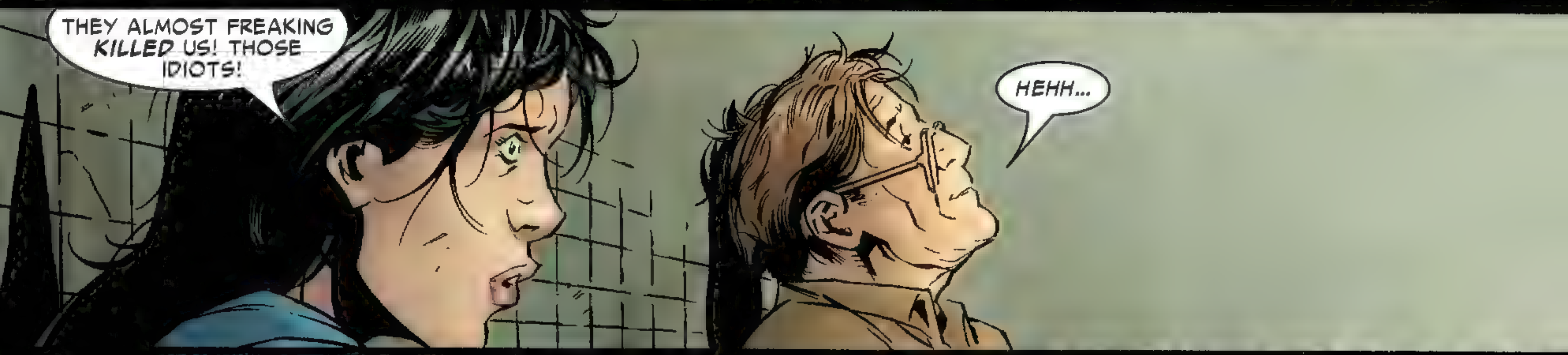
THIS IS A BAD TIME TO BE A HERO.



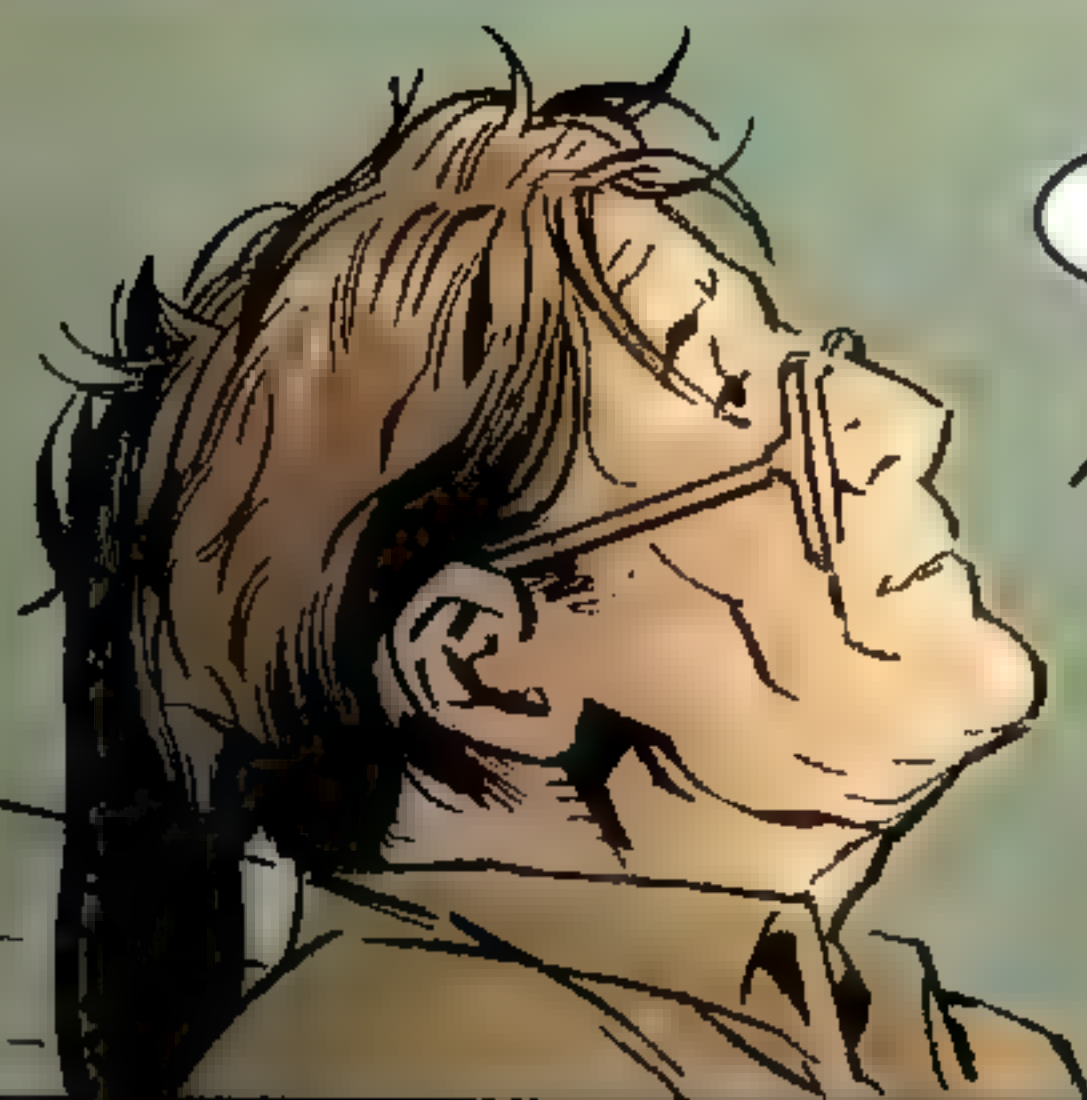


UHH...EHH...
OMIGOD--

THEY
ALMOST
KILLED
US.



THEY ALMOST FREAKING
KILLED US! THOSE
IDIOTS!

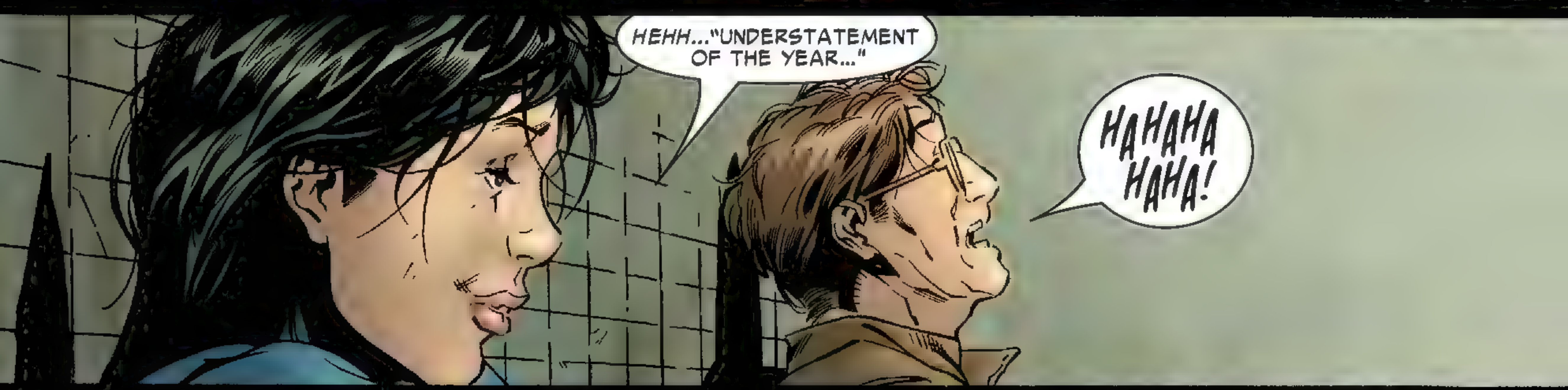


HEHH...



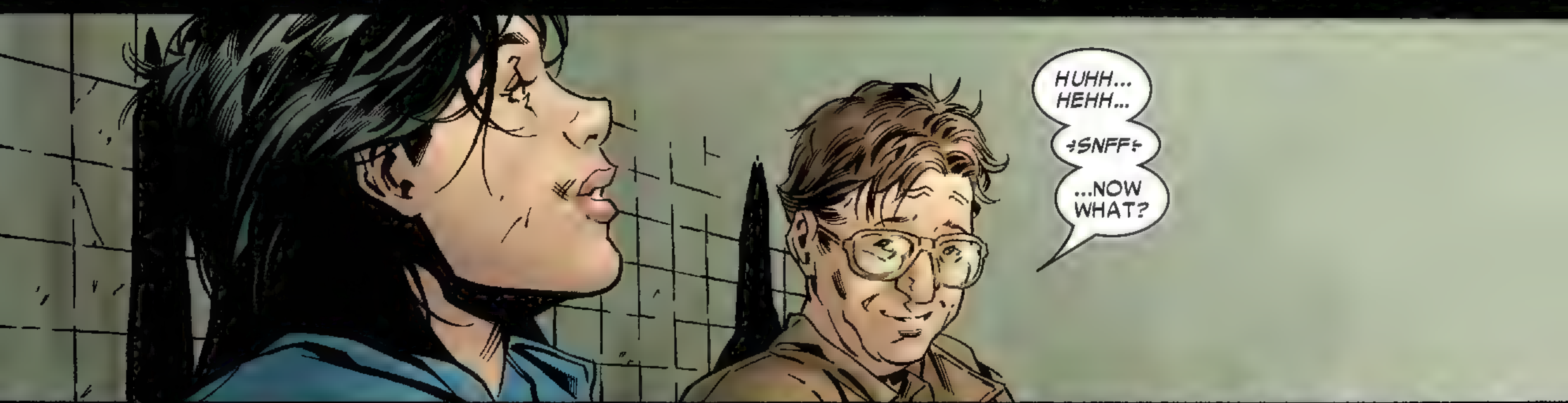
WHAT?
WHAT?

HA!
AH-HAHH...
THAT WAS
TERRIFYING!



HEHH..."UNDERSTATEMENT
OF THE YEAR..."

HAHAHA
HAHA!



HUHH...
HEHH...
+SNFF+
...NOW
WHAT?



HERE. YOUR SECOND
BEST JOKE OF THE
DAY.





YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THIS, SALLY...BUT THIS CONFIRMS EVERYTHING I'VE SUSPECTED ABOUT STARK ALL ALONG.

WHAT? YOU'RE NOT EVEN SURPRISED?

I WAS WHEN I CAME TO THE EXACT SAME CONCLUSIONS LATE LAST NIGHT.

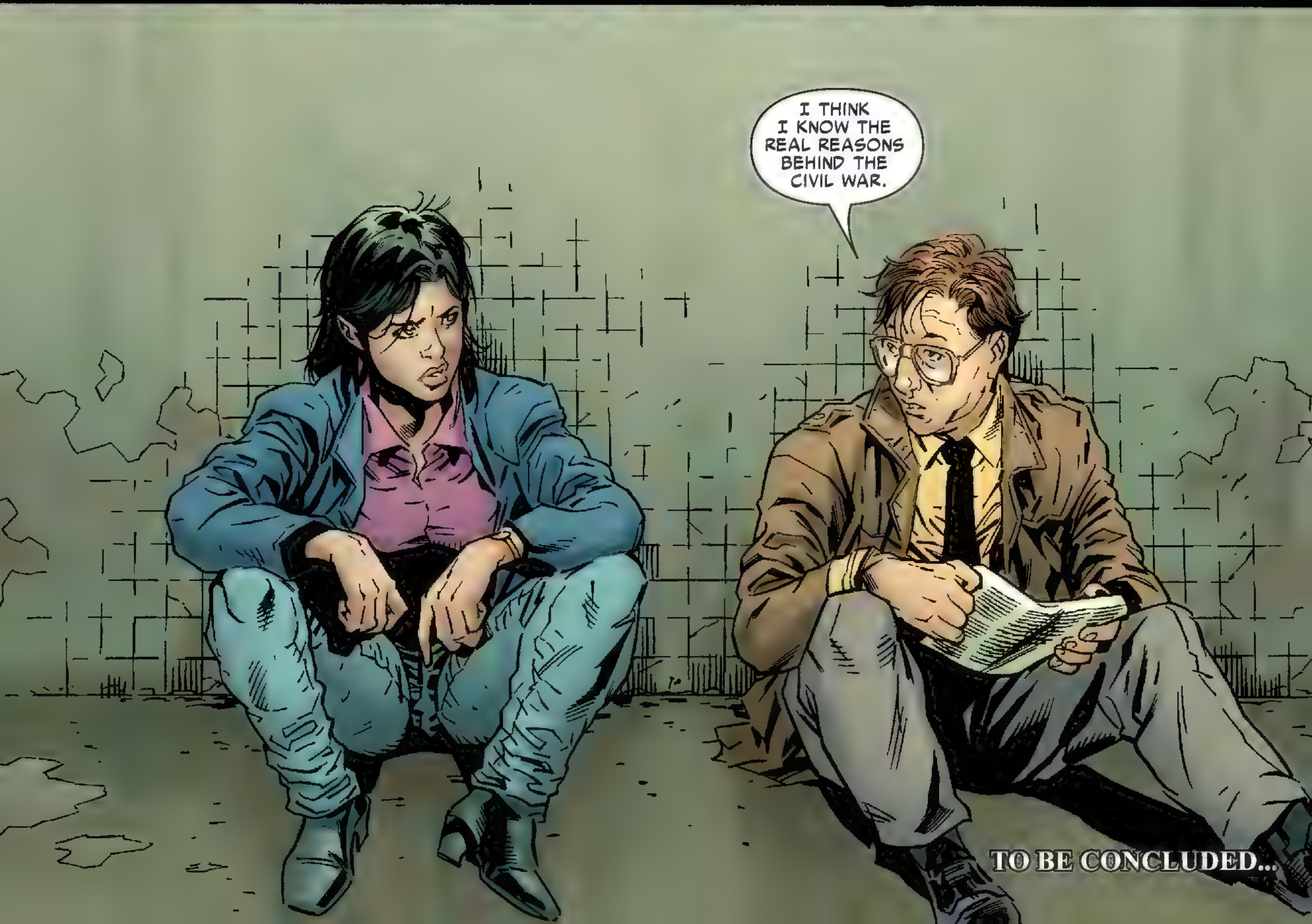
SURELY YOU KID.



I SWEAR, SALLY. THIS WAS THE BOMBSHELL I WAS GOING TO DROP ON YOU. YOU JUST BEAT ME TO IT.

THEN IT'S TRUE?

IT'S TRUE.



I THINK I KNOW THE REAL REASONS BEHIND THE CIVIL WAR.

TO BE CONCLUDED...

CUMBERLAND FEDERAL
CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTE,
MARYLAND.

WHERE ARE
YOU TAKING ME?
IS MY ATTORNEY
HERE?



MISTER STRICKER...THERE'S NO EASY WAY
TO SAY THIS: YOU HAVE A VISITOR. THIS
PERSON HAS REQUESTED TO SEE YOU
RIGHT NOW, AND YOU'RE GOING TO
HAVE TO COMPLY--

I'M NOT
TAKING A PLEA
BARGAIN.



BALDWIN DESERVED TO DIE. THERE'S
NOT A SINGLE PERSON IN THIS COUNTRY
WHO DOESN'T AGREE WITH ME.
EVEN THE JUDGES.

HE KILLED
MY LITTLE GIRL.
NO ONE'S GOING
TO BLAME ME FOR
WHAT I DID.



YOU CAN
SEND ME TO THE
GAS CHAMBER FOR
ALL I CARE! I'M NOT
AFRAID TO DIE--



THE ACCUSED

PART
TEN

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JENKINS
WRITER

STEVE
LIEBER
ARTIST

JUNE
CHUNG
COLORIST

VC'S RANDY
GENTILE
LETTERER

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AUBREY SITTERSON
ASSISTANT EDITORS

TOM
BREVOORT
EDITOR

JOE
QUESADA
EDITOR IN CHIEF

DAN
BUCKLEY
PUBLISHER





YOU! HOW
COULD YOU
BE HERE--?

I WORKED
OUT A DEAL.
I REGISTERED,
JUST LIKE THEY
WANTED. AN' NOW
I GET TO GO
FREE.



YOU
GET TO GO
FREE?



I'M IN PRISON
BECAUSE OF WHAT
YOU DID! YOU KILLED
MY DAUGHTER, AND
YOU GO FREE?

THEY WANT ME
AS THEIR SYMBOL.
IF I REGISTER, THEY
THINK THEY CAN PROVE
A POINT TO ALL
THE UNREGISTERED
HEROES.

I'LL BE
THEIR SYMBOL
BECAUSE IT MAKES NO
DIFFERENCE TO ME ONE
WAY OR THE OTHER.

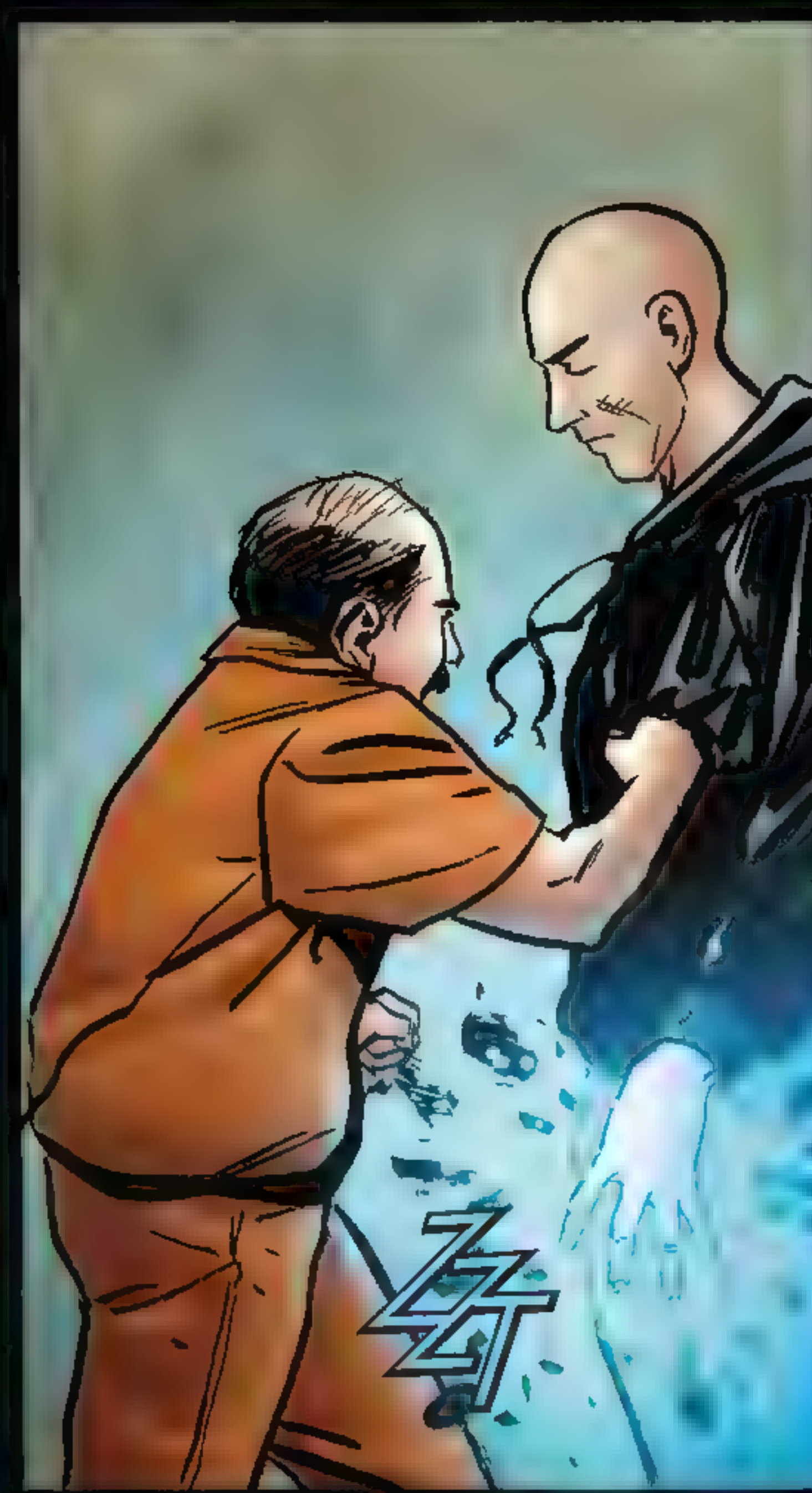


BUT I GAVE THEM ONE CONDITION:
THAT I GET TO LOOK YOU IN
THE EYE AND PRESENT
MY TERMS.

SO HERE
ARE MY
TERMS:



IN EXCHANGE FOR MY SIGNATURE,
THEY'RE GOING TO LET YOU
GO FREE.



THERE'S NOT A SINGLE MOMENT OF A SINGLE DAY I DON'T THINK ABOUT YOU, BALDWIN. I WANT TO THINK OF SARAH...

...SNFF...
EHHH...

...AND I CAN'T PICTURE HER FACE. ALL I SEE IS YOU.

MY DAUGHTER WAS ALL I HAD. SHE WAS THE ONLY ONE I COULD BE STRONG FOR WHEN HER MOTHER DIED.

I WANT YOUR EVERY WAKING MOMENT TO BE FILLED WITH PICTURES OF HER FACE.

THAT DAY AT SCHOOL--

--AH-HEHH...
+SNFF+

...THAT DAY, SHE HAD A COLD. I TOLD HER SHE COULD STAY HOME. AND BECAUSE SHE WAS A GOOD GIRL... BECAUSE SHE WAS HONEST...

...SHE SAID, "DADDY, I WANT TO GO IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU."

AND I LET HER GO. I COULD HAVE STOPPED HER BUT I LET HER GO.

AND YOU KILLED HER.

I DON'T CARE.

HOW COULD YOU CARE? YOU'RE NOT A MAN.
YOU'RE DIRT. YOU'RE NOTHING.

YOU SHOT ME
FULL IN THE GUT,
MISTER STRICKER.
I GOT PIECES OF
BULLET PRESSING
AGAINST THE NERVE
ENDINGS IN MY
SPINE BECAUSE
OF YOU.

I CAN'T EAT...I CAN'T SLEEP...
I CAN'T BREATHE WITHOUT THIS
PAIN. IT DOMINATES EVERY
WAKING MOMENT, OF WHICH
THERE ARE WAY TOO
MANY.

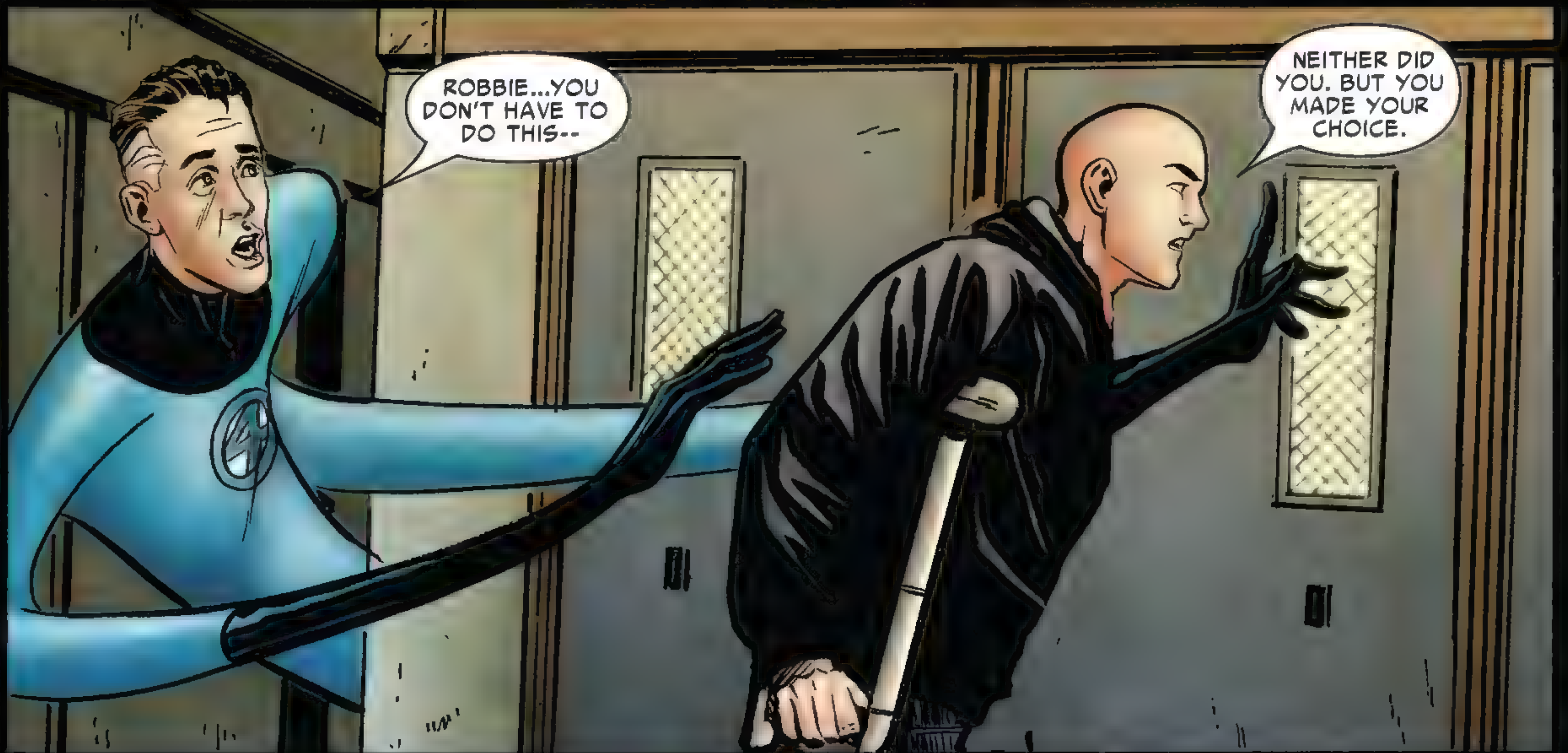
IF I COULD SLEEP,
I'D DREAM EVERY NIGHT
ABOUT THE SIX HUNDRED
AND TWELVE PEOPLE
WHO DIED IN THAT
EXPLOSION.

YOU DON'T
FEEL PAIN. YOUR
REMORSE IS FOR
YOURSELF.

OH, I FEEL IT,
BOSS. THE SHRAPNEL
IN MY SPINE IS GOING
TO DEGENERATE THE
DISCS. TIME'S GOING
TO HEAL YOUR WOUND,
BUT IT'S GOING TO
MAKE MINE WORSE.

BEFORE LONG,
PAIN WILL DRIVE
EVERYTHING
I DO.

AND BECAUSE
OF WHAT HAPPENED
TO THOSE SIX HUNDRED
AND TWELVE PEOPLE ON
MY WATCH, IT'S NEVER
GOING TO BE
ENOUGH.



ROBBIE...YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS--

NEITHER DID YOU. BUT YOU MADE YOUR CHOICE.



NO! NOW YOU LISTEN TO ME, ROBBIE BALDWIN: THE REGISTRATION ACT REQUIRES ONLY THAT YOU REGISTER YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS WITH AUTHORITIES.

AND EVERY NUT-JOB IN THE COUNTRY BECAUSE YOU MADE MY NAME PUBLIC.

I DIDN'T MEAN FOR THAT TO HAPPEN.

YOU DIDN'T TRY TO PREVENT IT.

YOU THINK A MAN LIKE ME JUST *REGISTERS*? I'M THE MOST HATED MAN IN AMERICA, THANKS TO YOUR REGISTRATION ACT. IN CASE YOU FORGOT, YOUR S.H.I.E.L.D. FLUNKIES PUT MY FAMILY IN DANGER.



THAT WAS A MISTAKE. I SINCERELY REGRET THAT.

I'LL BET YOU DO. BUT THEN AGAIN, YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY BECAUSE IT'S NOT HAPPENING TO YOU.

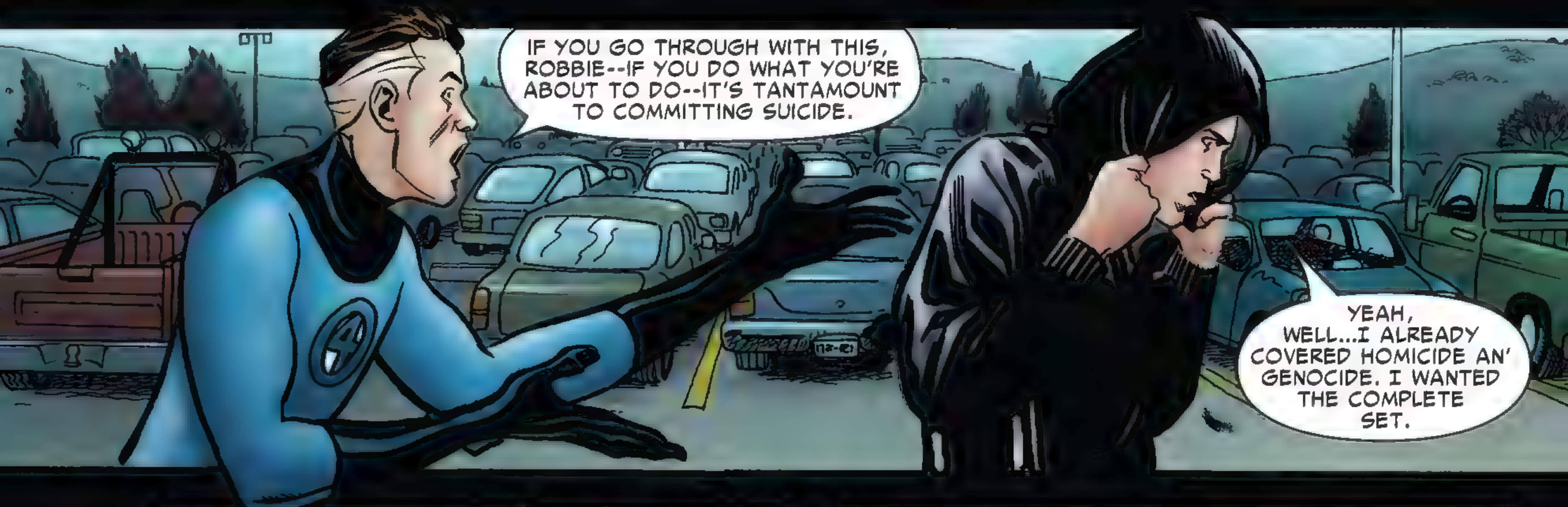
WE CAN PROTECT YOU.

I DON'T WANT PROTECTION.



WHAT DO YOU WANT, ROBBIE? DID YOU EVER STOP TO CONSIDER THAT?

I WANT TO GO BACK IN TIME AND STOP THIS FROM HAPPENING, YOU IGNORANT JERK.



IF YOU GO THROUGH WITH THIS, ROBBIE--IF YOU DO WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO DO--IT'S TANTAMOUNT TO COMMITTING SUICIDE.

YEAH, WELL...I ALREADY COVERED HOMICIDE AN' GENOCIDE. I WANTED THE COMPLETE SET.



WE DON'T EVEN UNDERSTAND HOW YOUR NEW POWERS WORK--

THAT'S ALL YOU'RE REALLY INTERESTED IN, RICHARDS, ISN'T IT? I'M NOT A FRIEND. I'M NOT A COLLEAGUE. YOU DON'T SEE ANYONE THAT WAY.

WE'RE ALL JUST LAB RATS TO YOU.



WELL, LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING, PAL: THE PERFECT IRONY OF THIS SITUATION COULD NOT HAVE BEEN SCRIPTED ANY BETTER.

ALL THE PAIN I'VE CAUSED...AND NOW MY POWERS ARE *DRIVEN* BY IT. EVERY TIME I FEEL A PUNCH RATTLE THOSE BULLET FRAGMENTS IN MY SPINE, I'LL FEEL THAT OLD SURGE OF KINETIC ENERGY AND I'LL REMEMBER.



YOU CAN'T FIGHT DESTINY, RICHARDS. IT WAS SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN THIS WAY.

I'LL BE IN FOR WORK AT NINE A.M. SHARP... JUST LIKE OUR AGREEMENT SAYS.



"THERE'S SOMETHING I GOTTA DO FIRST."









THE PLATES ARE CONSTRUCTED OF SUPER-HARDENED PLASTICS, REINFORCED WITH CERTAIN ALLOYS, MAKING IT THE HARDEST SUBSTANCE THAN CAN POSSIBLY BE MANUFACTURED.

THE METALS HAVE THE ADDED VALUE OF ACTING AS NON-RESISTANT ENERGY CONDUITS, AS PER YOUR REQUEST. I MADE A VARIATION OF THIS FOR ELECTRO ONCE--



I DON'T CARE ABOUT ELECTRO'S COSTUME. JUST THIS ONE.

AS YOU WISH.

I MUST SAY, I'VE NEVER MADE ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE.

IS THERE A PROBLEM?

NO...NO. YOUR INSTRUCTIONS WERE VERY SPECIFIC. IT IS EXACTLY AS YOU REQUESTED.

AND HOW MUCH OF MY MONEY BUYS YOUR SILENCE?



I HAVE MADE COSTUMES FOR HERO AND VILLAIN, REGISTERED AND UNREGISTERED. SOME I KNEW, OTHERS I DID NOT. BUT I HAVE NEVER ONCE BETRAYED A TRUST PLACED IN ME.

MAKE SURE IT STAYS THAT WAY.



THE INSIDES OF THE SUIT ARE EXACTLY AS SPECIFIED--THE LESSER SPIKES PROTRUDE JUST OVER HALF AN INCH: PAINFUL, BUT HARDLY INCAPACITATING.

THE LARGER SPIKES WILL NO DOUBT BREAK THE SKIN OF THE WEARER. THE MAIN ENERGY CONDUITS ARE PLACED WITHIN THE TIPS, AS YOU REQUESTED.

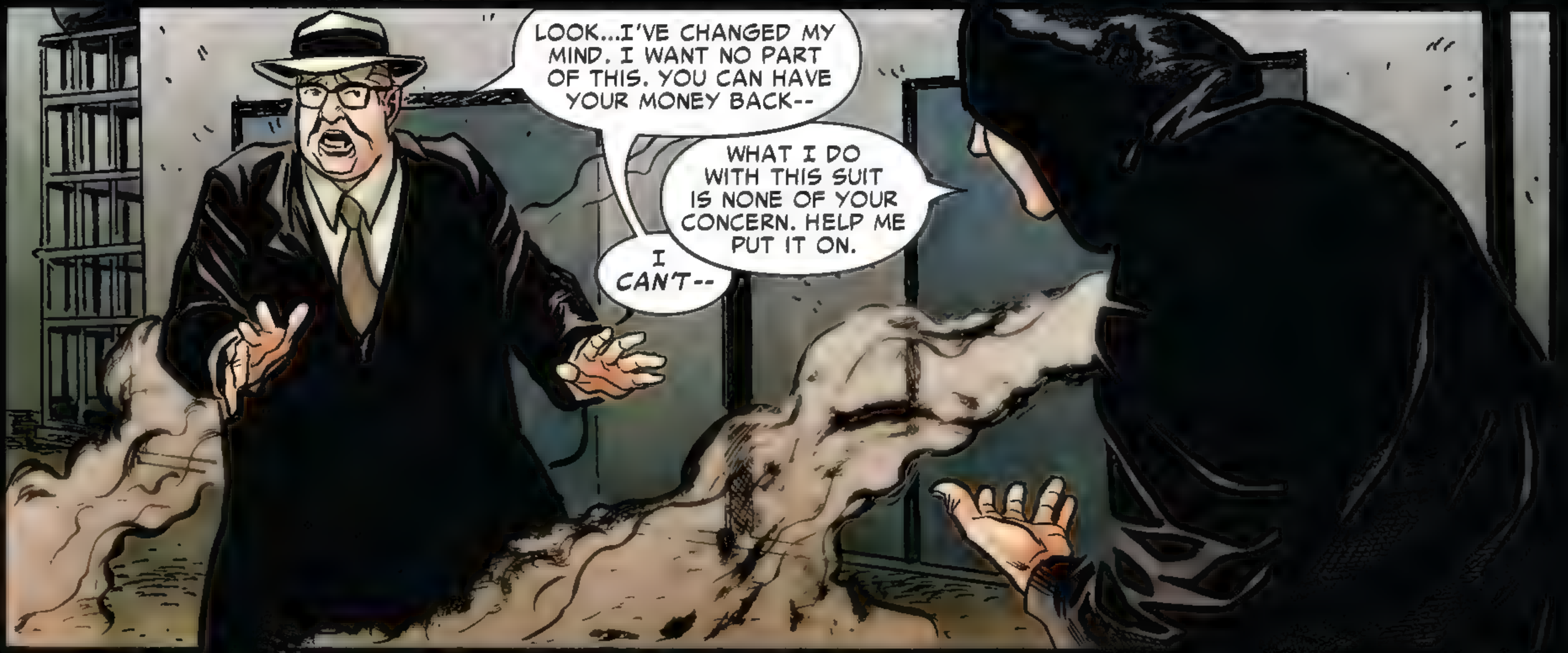
WHATEVER THIS IS FOR...



...WELL...

...I DON'T WANT TO ASK THAT QUESTION.







Dear Mom...

I now know how to pay for all the pain I've caused.



Six hundred and twelve people died at Stamford. So every day I'll carry with me six hundred and twelve points of pain.

Sixty of those people were innocent children who burned to death in a schoolyard. Those are the sixty points of pain that will hurt me the most.

There is a little girl named Sarah Stricker who will live forever next to my heart.

Two innocent men died when they found me in upstate New York. Two innocent emergency workers perished because of me.

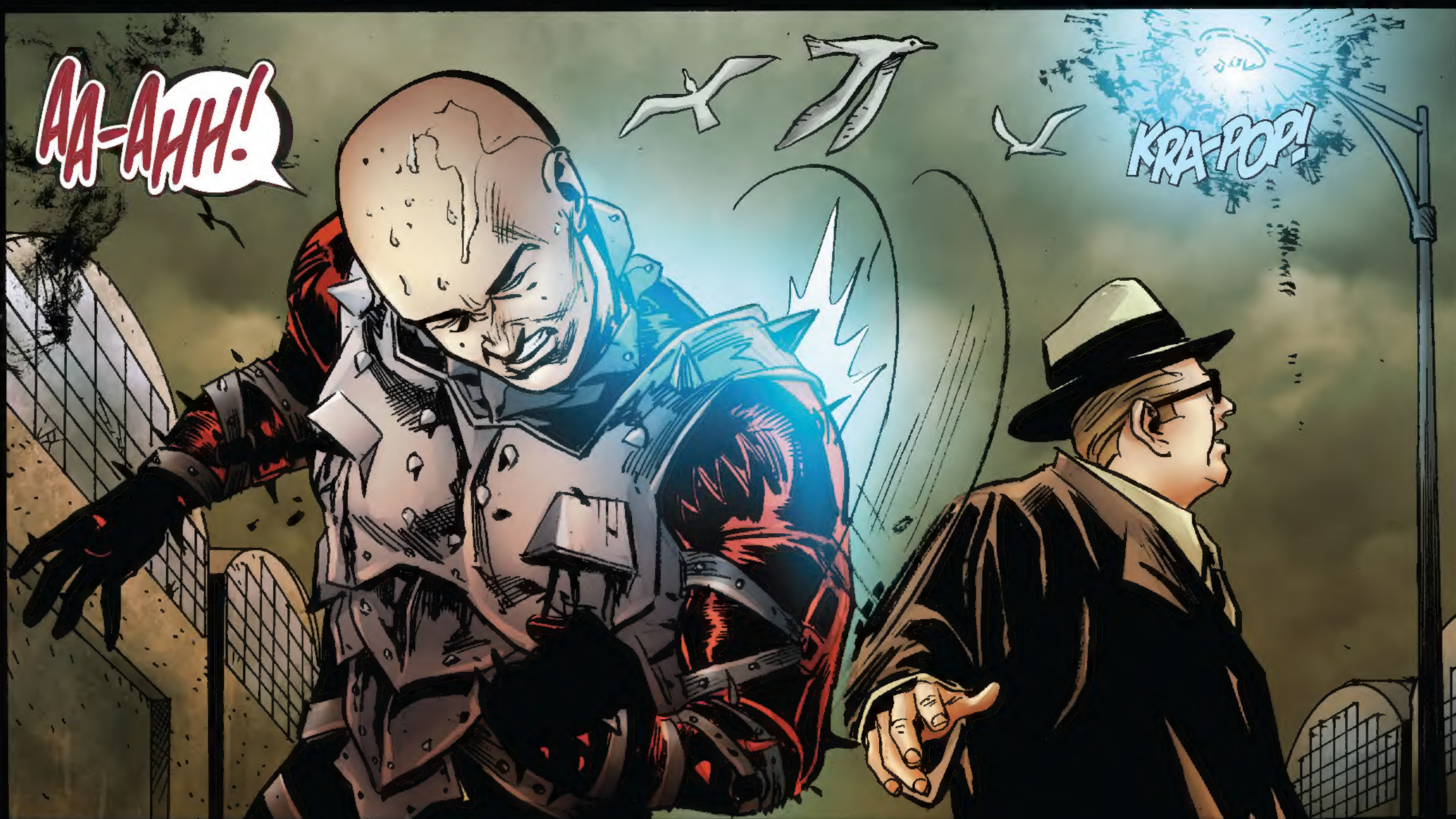


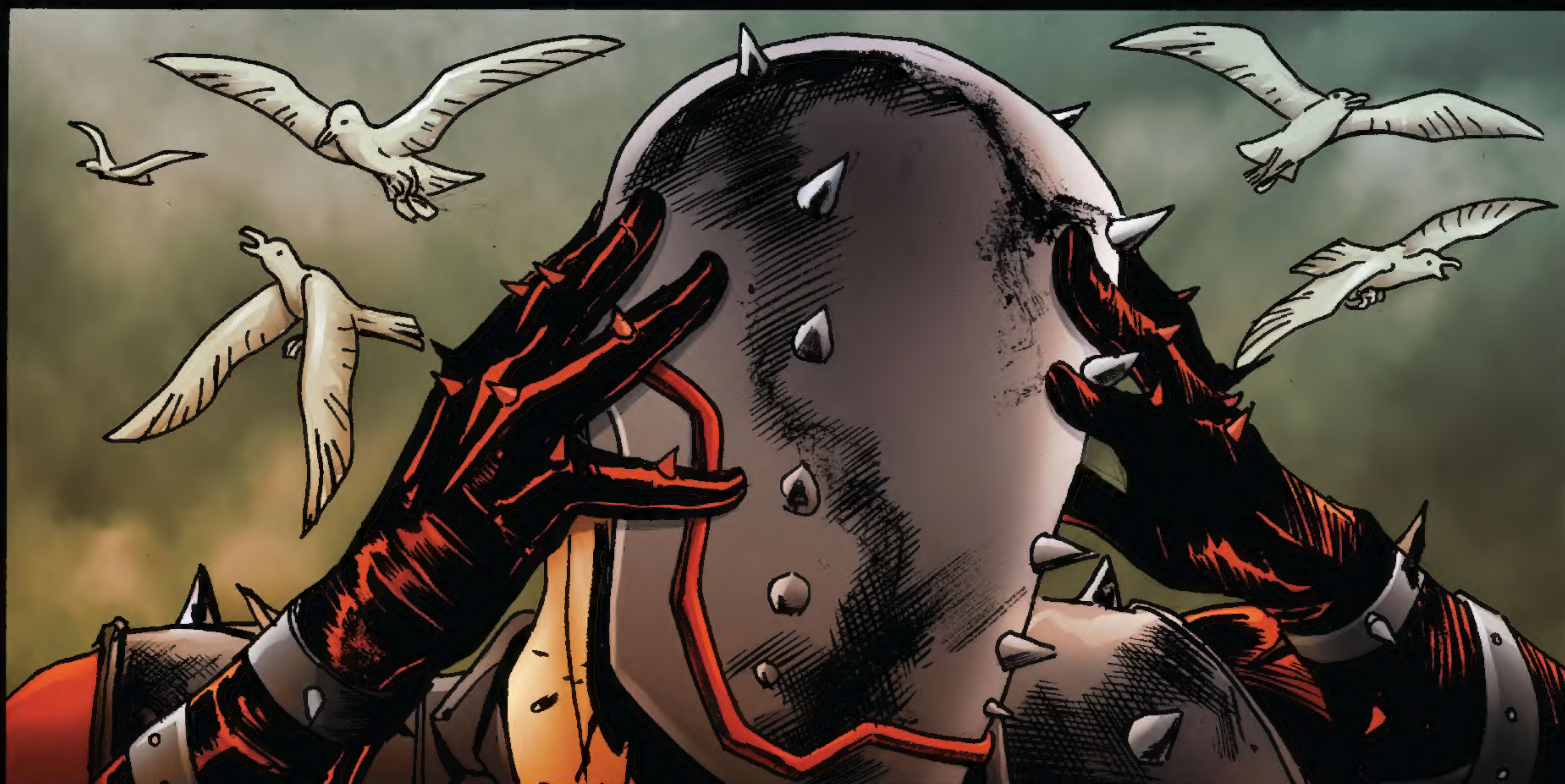
Their blood is on my hands. I'll feel their pain every time I throw a punch.



Every single point of my pain will be a reminder until the day I mercifully die.

And all of that pain is fuel.





NOW
IT'S TIME FOR
PENANCE.



JENKINS
LIEBER
2006